

THE WORLD.

Published by the Press Publishing Company.

MONDAY EVENING, MAY 28.

SUBSCRIPTION TO THE EVENING EDITION (Including Postage), PER MONTH, 30c.; PER YEAR, \$3.50.

VOL. 28.....NO. 9,778

Entered at the Post-Office at New York as second-class mail matter.

THE 1888 RECORD!

New York, April 30, 1888.

We, the undersigned Advertising Agents, have examined the Circulation and Press Room Reports of THE WORLD, and also the amount of White Paper furnished it by various paper manufacturers, and find that the Average No. of WORLDS Printed Daily from Jan. 1, 1888, to date is as stated, viz.:

288,970 COPIES.

(Signed)
Geo. F. BOWELL & Co., DANCY & Co.,
J. H. BATES, GOODWIN & BULL,
R. N. BRIDGES, J. F. PHILLIPS & Co.,
M. BRIDGES, A. A. ANDERSON.

Circulation Books Always Open.

THE UNEQUAL BATTLE.
It is "fighting Phil" to the last.

Gallant Sheridan battles as bravely for his life as he battled for the Union. The same high courage, fortitude, self-possession and cheerfulness that characterized the great cavalry leader in war have sustained him in the unequal contest with mortal disease. Like the "Old Guard" that he was so fit to lead, Sheridan will "die, but never surrender." He has faced death too often to quail now.

An anxious nation watches with genuine sorrow the slow ending of this brilliant career. Memorial Day will be sadder than ever if its fresh flowers shall deck the bier of Sheridan.

UNITED LABOR.

The enemies of the Knights of Labor were very much disappointed because Mr. Powderly did not precipitate a row in District Assembly 40 yesterday.

The General Master Workman no doubt has his faults, but he is not contentious, he is not selfish, and he has the interests of labor deeply at heart. Besides this, Mr. Powderly is a very intelligent and industrious worker in the cause.

The organs and emissaries of corporate and other monopolies are doing their best to disrupt the great labor organizations. They magnify and foment difficulties. They seek to create jealousies and antagonisms by pitting the trades unions on the back. Their policy is to "divide and conquer."

Labor ought to know that "in union there is strength," and sacrifice much that is non-essential for the sake of union.

EXPOSING PHRAUD.

The Mephistophelian HERMANN rendered a real public service last night in exposing some of the tricks of bogus Spiritualism and showing to 2,000 people how easy it is for even bright and watchful eyes to be deceived.

The magician did not pretend to deal with all the phenomena of Spiritualism. Some of them, in the form of "communications," so-called, have never been satisfactorily explained. But the gross materialism of the pseudo science he did expose, and that most thoroughly.

Creolous people will, of course, go right on being duped with "spirit pictures" and the like, but HERMANN has shown how the fraud is perpetrated.

A SENSIBLE CLUB MAN.

A genuine American is Dr. LEONARD GORDON, of Jersey City, if the reason of his resignation from the Athletic Club of that town is correctly reported.

This club, it is said, which has over six hundred members, recently rejected a young man solely because he is "only a letter-carrier." And Dr. Gordon withdrew from the club because of this snobbish action. He declared it to be unfair to proscribe a worthy young fellow because of his occupation.

Letter-carrying is an honorable business, if followed with fidelity, accuracy and promptness. It tends to develop the muscles of the legs and to give health to the whole body. What more should an athletic club ask?

Of all the mobberies in the world, American mobbery is the most ridiculous.

THE WORLD's special reports of police court justice have now included the impressions of a great preacher, a celebrated political economist and a famous novelist—Dr. TALMAIR, HENRY GEORGE and JULIAN HAWTHORNE. Each is valuable and interesting from a different point of view. The remainder of the series will be equally striking.

Donors of flowers for Memorial Day need have no fear that they will be superfluous this year. THE EVENING WORLD's plan for distributing the surplus among the hospitals for the poor, is receiving the hearty co-operation of both Grand Army men and hospital officials. Living martyrs as well as dead heroes, will be remembered.

The current conundrum: "Will the Giants take a brace?" will be answered in the Sporting Extra of THE EVENING WORLD.

There is one consolation for a muggy May: there is a lot of sunshine due in June.

Builder and Loan Association.
How to get a home with small earnings will be shown at a public meeting, on 17 East 124th St., on Wednesday, June 1, 8 o'clock.

Dr. Sarsaparilla. Rheumatism, Neuritis, Headache, a cold, etc., are cured by Sarsaparilla. A bottle, 25c. and 50c. bottles, 50c. and 1.00.

EARLY WEEK DAINTIES.

Lettuce, 5 cents a head.
Apricots, 10 cents a box.
Cauliflower, 15 to 20 cents.
Cucumbers, 15 cents each.
Lemons, 30 cents a dozen.
North River shad, 40 cents.
Pounders, 8 cents a pound.
Tomatoes, 25 cents a quart.
Best dates, 10 cents a quart.
Lard, 30 cents a pound.
Green peas, 30 cents a half peck.
Strawberries, 15 to 20 cents a box.
Asparagus, 15 to 20 cents a bunch.
Soft-shell crabs, \$1 to \$1.25 per dozen.
A nice lot of pompano arrived from North Carolina this morning. They sell for 50 cents a pound.

STRAY PHASES OF LIFE.

A gentleman with curly hair and altogether a pleasing face is Mr. W. J. Guffey, of Pittsburgh, who has been stopping at the Fifth Avenue Hotel for a few days. Mr. Guffey makes himself up like a sportsman. He wears a soft hat, turned down by one side, a very low cut waistcoat, and a striped shirt on which rests a diamond. He has a neat, well-trimmed mustache, but is a business man and the head and front of the great natural-gas syndicate of the Smoky City. He is a quiet man, but a lot of money.

"Once in Santa Fe, N. M., while I was in the employ of a Government surveyor," remarked an old traveler at the Grand Central Hotel the other day, "the room which I had engaged from a Greaser lay overlooked one of the plazas of the city, which was a great place for all the stray dogs in town to congregate. They used to get around there after midnight, and, of course, sleep was out of the question. I got kind of weary of this after a week or so, and one morning, about 4 A. M., I arose from my bed, picked up a shotgun, and with nothing but my slumber-robe on went out on the plaza and banged away a couple of times. A couple of canines laid down and died, the rest scattered and I made a break for my room. I was so, however, for I had locked myself out by closing a door with a spring lock and my landlady was terribly deaf. The result was I had to stay where I was until 6 o'clock in the morning. It wasn't cold though, but awfully embarrassing."

WORLDLINGS.

One of the highest prices ever paid for a manuscript was that of \$15,000, which Mrs. Augusta Evans Wilson received from her publishers for her "Intellect" before the book went to press. Her novels to-day find a more ready sale in the South than those of any other author.

The surface of Dix River, in Kentucky, was literally black a few days ago with new-lights that had swarmed into the stream from Kentucky rivers. People who saw the enormous shoal of fish when it passed Harrodsburg, say that one blow of an ear in the water would have killed dozens of them.

Mrs. Sarah Rothschild, of Chicago, celebrated her hundredth birthday anniversary a few days ago. She is a native of Essex, Dartmouth, and came to America when sixty-three years old. She remembers clearly the time when Napoleon's soldiers marched by her home on their return from Moscow, and says she supplied food for fifteen of them.

George Schneider, of Chicago, who recently sailed from New York for Germany, was one of the leaders of the German revolution of 1848, and after the failure of the uprising sought safety and freedom on an American soil. In later years he became a trusted friend of Lincoln, Grant and Logan. He is President of the National Bank of Illinois, one of the soundest financial institutions in Chicago.

"Uncle Jake" Ziegler, the veteran editor and politician, who died at Butler, Pa., last week, met the lady who afterwards became his wife under circumstances very similar to those that attended Ben Franklin's first meeting with his future spouse. When he trudged into Butler, footsore and weary, in quest of a fortune, several roving girls laughed at his forlorn appearance, but one of them was afterwards willing to take him for better or worse.

Tragedian O'Connor Does Not Felgo.
To the Editor of The Evening World:

For some ten weeks I have endured in silence the sarcasms of your pink periodical extraordinary. But when one of your roving reporters (a free lance, truly!) avers that I "feigned fear" in an interview with him and others, he either "feigned" or falsified.

What, in the name of consistency, motive have I for feigning anything?

JAMES OWEN O'CONNOR.

A NEW DEPARTURE.

In Journalism has been made by THE WORLD in its police court series. They are everywhere copied, read and discussed. Dr. MacArthur will act as THE WORLD's police court reporter to-day.

Gathered at the Hotel.
At the Windsor Hotel: Gen. John R. Frisbie, of Mexico, and Prof. Eliza Gray, of Chicago.

Gathered at the Gilbey: Peter Schuttler, a wagon manufacturer, of Chicago, and E. R. Dorr, of Holland, Vt.

Mr. James arrivals: Mr. William Young, of London, and F. W. Heidecker, well known in this city and Washington.

F. W. de Souza, Gen. John R. Frisbie, and J. Arthur Mears, Argentine Consul-General at Quebec, are at the Hotel Brunswick.

K. W. Fox, editor of the Washington Republican, and E. L. Washburn, of Albuquerque, N. M., are at the Marlborough.

United States Senator John C. Spooner, accompanied by his wife and Capt. Philip, of England, are at the Hotel Marlborough.

The latest arrivals at the Union Square include: H. B. Hibben, of Indianapolis; D. G. Conroy, of Syracuse, and Alexander Gilchrist, of Evansville.

Mr. and Mrs. Altheimer Houghton, who have been spending a few months at Cooper Springs, are at the Altheimer on their way to their home at Newport.

Registered at the Hotel Dam to-day are Frank Fennell, of Philadelphia; F. H. Hubbard, of Hartford; John P. Baker, of Philadelphia, and E. J. Barry, of Boston.

J. W. Abbott, Chairman of the Western States Passenger Association, and State Senator George B. Smith, of Oswego, are among the latest entries at the Hotel Washington.

At the Hoffman House: Henry Darrell, a Bermuda merchant just returned from England; Lawrence W. H. Moore, of Chicago, and Mrs. A. C. Tyler, of Washington.

Among the arrivals at the Morton House are Frederick F. Paine, of Boston; J. A. Green, of Philadelphia; L. B. Barber, of Boston; A. N. Bellows, of Boston, and L. S. Potter, of Syracuse.

An Introduction.
[From Puck.]

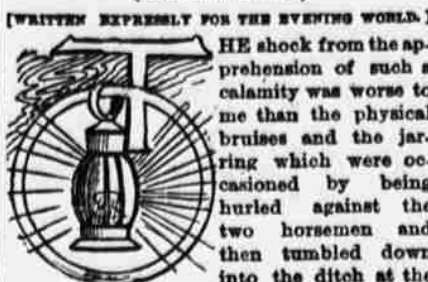
Tom—Dick, I want you to know Mr. Lunkers, from Paris—
Dick—Proud to know you, Mr. Lunkers. Walter, open a bottle of yellow label.
Tom—From Paris, Maine.
Dick—It's a waiter, make that order three red-eye whiskey with pepper.

A Flag for the City College.
La Fayette Post, G. A. R., will present a flag to the City of New York on June 8, in the Academy of Music. Gen. Sherman and other army officers, Gov. Hill and staff and others are to attend, and many addresses will be made.

A MOMENT OF PERIL.

BY
LIEUT. WM. R. HAMILTON,
Of the Fifth Artillery.

(CONCLUDED.)



HE shook from the apprehension of such a calamity was worse to me than the physical bruises and the jarring which were occasioned by being hurled against the two horsemen and then tumbled down into the ditch at the side of the road. I thought there had been exercise enough for that summer morning, and so wheeled the man about and took them back to the garrison. A little of this sort of exercise was more than enough.

A civilian who heard of this little adventure said to me: "I should suppose that the thrill of that moment, when you wheeled your horse around and spurred him back against the advancing column with that intensity of feeling, must have been so keenly exciting that it amounted to a pleasure."

He very little appreciated what the feelings of that moment were. There are shocks and shocks. But I doubt if they are often found to be pleasant. That one certainly was not. The only pleasure was in looking back and reflecting that where so much terrible calamity might have been done there was practically no mischief accomplished. That was pleasant. But the moment itself was too fraught with dread apprehension to be exhilarating.

A fierce battery fight, when shells are bursting and opposing troops are charging for the wheat before the mowed, the hissing bullets, the short explosion of the hurrahs and yells of the men, even with the intermingling groan or cry of pain—all that can be exciting. It is so. It is a swift drama, where the action sets the blood to dancing and the danger only stimulates.



THE LANTERN FELL UPRIDE-DOWN.

On another occasion I experienced a shock which was not pleasurable either. It was in 1878, and the station was in Florida. I had to inspect a powder magazine, filled with powder kegs, shells, made cartridges and other explosive material.

The sergeant who was in charge of the magazine, accompanied me in my inspection, as well as two men, to move things and replace them. We had taken the precautions usual on such occasions. We wore rubber shoes. A man is not allowed to go into a magazine with shoes, where nails might, by grinding against particles of powder, bring about a terrible disaster. No iron material is allowed in a magazine. The measures or scoops are of copper, and even the nails of the powder kegs are of copper. This is a metal which does not offer the likelihood of danger that iron does.

The sergeant carried a closed lantern, one like those that men on railroads use to give signals with, in which the lamp is securely fastened, so that it can be swung around on the head without any danger. But, of course, some places must be left for the air to get in.

I had inspected a good deal of the stuff contained in the magazine. There were several powder kegs standing on the floor, some of them being empty. They had been making cartridges. I wanted to see something, and the sergeant, in order to get it, placed the lantern on top of one of the empty powder kegs. That is, he thought it was one of the empty ones. But I remembered them from my inspection, and felt certain that he had made a mistake and selected a keg from which a good deal of powder had been taken, but which was still half full.

As I saw the sergeant place his lantern on the loose head of this keg I cried out: "Look out, sergeant!" But it was too late. The deed was done, and he had placed the lantern on it. Before he could get the board away, the lantern turned over and fell upside down and burning into a keg of powder half full!

This was another moment of intense feeling for a fleeting breath of time. To see a flaming light drop into a keg with fifty pounds of loose powder in it; to fancy, in far less time it takes to tell it; that the dust of the powder, stirred up by the lantern falling into it, would rise through the aperture, reach the flame, and then—!—not enough of one's pulverized remains left to be recognized. This quick cyclone of agitated thought is not pleasant either.

The shock here was so strong, the dread apprehension crowded into a few seconds, was so overwhelming that it simply weakened us. There was no explosion or I should not be recording the incident now. But it was a curdling moment of supreme suspense and we could hardly crawl out through the turns of the entrance to the magazine and reach the open air. It was a very limp trio that stood outside and realized that it had escaped being blown to atoms by a chance that would not happen once in a thousand times. By this rare stroke of good fortune, somehow or other, heaven only knows why, the light went out.

I went in after a moment or two for recovery in the open air and fished out the lantern, which lay upside down, half buried in the loose powder. Possibly my friend, who thought the excitement of the railroad cut a "pleasure," might have fancied this a "pleasure" too. But it is not the kind of pleasure that one covets who has ever experienced it, and I feel that I can get along for the rest of my life with the few that I have had and not complain that others do not come.

Stepped on a Match and Fired a Shell.
Some one stepped on a match last night, which ignited some fireworks which had leaked from a can and caused a fire in the studio of Harriet & Hubbard, and the art material stored in the studio. The fire was extinguished, it is supposed, by the fire department. It caused about \$1,000 in damage and about \$1,000 in the building.

ELECTORAL REFORM.

Gov. Hill Urged by Workmen to Sign the Sixteen Bill.

To the Editor of The Evening World:
As you have so commendably and successfully utilized THE EVENING WORLD as a means of giving expression to the people's opinions or desires in the case of the Saturday Half-Holiday bill, I would suggest that you again allow the people to use your popular paper in order to let the Governor know that the people desire the abolition of the Saturday Ballot bill, which makes intimidation, bribery and fraud as impossible at elections as any restrictive measures ever can be expected to do. The bill also makes it possible for the people to nominate candidates outside of the machines.

On Tuesday the Miscellaneous Section of the Central Labor Union passed a resolution urging the Governor to sign the bill. Last night the Food-Producers' Section followed suit, and the other sections will probably do the same.

If you will give the people in general the same chance to petition through your paper as you did in case of the Half-Holiday bill, you would lend a great help towards abolishing the election bribery and cajolery that disgraces the republic at present.

VERNON MURPHY.

Positions Suggested.

To the Editor of The Evening World:
The bill which is now in the hands of the Governor awaiting his action and known as the Sixteen Electoral Reform bill, is one of the most important pieces of legislation ever passed in the interest of the workmen of this city, where political hellens and bull-dozing are so common, and where a reform in the manner of voting is an acknowledged necessity of the most pressing kind.

Trusting your well-known independence in matters of this kind will induce you to use your great influence towards having the Governor sign this bill, I would suggest that you publish in your paper for his assent to the bill a second assembly district worker.

A SECOND ASSEMBLY DISTRICT WORKER.

Over 81,000 New Yorkers find themselves there each year. Rev. Dr. MacArthur, the leading Baptist divine, will report his observations in a New York Police Court in THE WORLD to-morrow morning.

Political Delays and Sayings.
There is not a local statesman willing to bet that Tammany Hall will not favor the renomination of Gov. Hill.

Five of the eight Tammany Hall delegates to the St. Louis convention hall from the Twenty-first Assembly District.

"Can you put wings on me?"

"Why?"

"I am going down to ask Mayor Hewitt for an office, and I want him to think I am an angel."

Ex-Senator Jacob Seebacher has moved out of the Sixth Assembly District. He now resides in the asylum for retired, aged and broken down politicians—the Twenty-third Assembly District.

A search warrant would fail to discover truth in the rumor that ex-Mayor Grace and Maurice J. Power have renewed their former love for each other. "Why," remarked a former Irving Hall chief, "Grace would not trust Power and Power would not trust Grace. They know each other."

"I will meet you at my law office this afternoon."

"Put it off another day, for I have a reference case before me at 6 o'clock."

"Who appointed you a referee?"

"The Judge who nomination I succeeded at the County Democratic Convention."

"Does he give you any references?"

"About three a month."

"He is a thoroughbred, and it is a good thing for an organization to put grateful men on the bench."

A NEW DEPARTURE.

In Journalism has been made by THE WORLD in its police court series. They are everywhere copied, read and discussed. Dr. MacArthur will act as THE WORLD's police court reporter to-day.

In Court the Officer Was Accused.
Martin Connor, of No. 355 Second avenue, was before Judge Connor yesterday morning, charged with drunkenness and disorderly conduct. Officer O'Leary, of the Twenty-ninth Precinct, who arrested him, claimed that he was always quarrelling with other newboys. At the time of the arrest Connor was drunk and was fighting a little police vendor. The prisoner claimed he acted in self-defense, denied both charges, and was discharged.

As to disorderly conduct, Connor, who is about sixteen, said he was not guilty. O'Leary, the lad said, after catching him, abused him. David Edwards, Secretary of the Electric Construction Company, No. 18 Corbin street, and the prisoner were not fighting and was not drunk when arrested. He said that when Connor attempted to run, the officer drew his revolver and fired three times. He said the boy was drunk and most brutally treated. Connor was discharged.

Fun for After Dinner.

Taken In.
[From Judge.]

Law-Breaker's Confederate—Say, Bill, will I sing him?

Bill—For heaven's sake, no! I'll shake him on de next corner. He might be sent ter arrest me for der nex offense, an' I w'n't ter keep him on der corner.

Too severe.

[From the Washington Critic.]

A ward statesman, whose testimony was needed in an election fraud case, was put on the witness stand.

"Raise your right hand," said the Court. "Do you solemnly swear to tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, so help you God?"

"Hold up, Judge," interrupted the witness; "can't you figure in sentence just like this? You know I've been in politics for a good long while."

A Fair Average.

[From Times Herald.]

Bobby—What are the wages of sin, pa?

Father—Depends on the locality. In Washington they'll average about five thousand a year.

They Feather Their Nests.

[From the Police Reporter.]

Do you hear the birds a-singing? O brother! Do you hear the birds a-singing on the trees? Meeting now is every day, winged creature. And the birds and many winged creatures leave.

Does it make you think of men you've known a-flying?

Who would every now then tell you, Men that feather their nests just in the mean time.

And burst for all that they can sting into it.

PICKPOCKETS IN THE PARK.

DOING A THRIVING BUSINESS IN SPITE OF THE VIGILANT POLICE.

The Lion House and the Monkey House. Their Favorite Hunting Grounds—The Police Handicapped by Their Uniforms—Officer Fitch's Method of Running Down the Rogues on His Feet.

An Evening World reporter was standing at the door of the lion house in Central Park talking with Policeman James Fitch, when a neatly dressed young man rushed up and exclaimed excitedly:

"I followed him over to the bear's cage and saw him trying to pick a lady's pocket. I put two policemen onto him, and I guess they'll hurry him."

"Who is the 'him' referred to?" inquired the reporter, as the young man hastily rushed away again.

"A pickpocket," replied Fitch. "You see we can't arrest men on mere suspicion, because they are invariably discharged when they are brought to court for want of evidence, and as we are obliged to be in uniform, we can never get near enough to them to catch them in the act."

"That young man you saw is a friend of mine, whom I requested to follow a man that I think is a pickpocket."

"The pickpocket was acting rather suspiciously in this house just now, so I told him to get out and asked my young friend to follow him to try to detect him in the act."

"The reason is just beginning to open for pickpockets and we have to use our eyes pretty sharp to pick out the crooks."

"I remember one day last summer I was standing beside the hippopotamus cage and the house was crowded with people. Crowley was down here at that time, and of course he always draws a crowd."

"Suddenly the cry 'stop thief!' was raised. It would have taken me fifteen minutes to work my way through that crowd, so I jumped out of the side window and ran around to the door, just in time to receive my man right in my arms. He cursed and swore, protested his innocence, and was going to kill me and all that sort of thing, but I dragged him into the police station where he was searched and the watch found in his possession."

He changed his tune there, and began abusing me as the old saying is 'like a pickpocket, and finally got me so mad that I slapped him in the face. It was an expensive slap for me, though, for I was fined ten days pay for it."

George Williams, keeper of the lion house, also had an experience with a pickpocket which he related as follows:

"I was helping Jake Cook to feed Crowley one day, when I was in the monkey house across a great hubbub. I saw an umbrella raised in the air and descend upon a man's head, and the cry of 'Pickpocket!' was raised."

"I spotted the man, jumped out of the window and ran around to the door, where I saw him walking quickly away, while the crowd was running in another direction, in pursuit of another man."

"I grabbed him and ran him in, where the watch was found in his pocket, identified by the owner, and Mr. Pickpocket got five years."

Policeman Charley Hoagland, who is stationed in the monkey house, has also had numerous dealings with the light-fingered Rentry.

"There are some people who lose their valuables," said he, "and who make no complaint about it because they dislike the notoriety."

"A great many people lose their pocket-books and watches through their own carelessness. Ladies come in here during the spring weather with those new-fashioned long pocket-books stuck carelessly in the pockets of their light-colored dresses, and they are five inches of it protruding."

"That is a temptation that many people who are not professional thieves cannot resist, and shortly after the pocketbook changes owners."

"Again, the custom of wearing watches suspended from the belt has been the cause of the loss of a number of valuable timepieces. Whenever I see a lady come in with her pocketbook or watch exposed I always call her attention to it."

"As for the men—well they deserve what their watches are subjected to by their negligence. They will stand before the cages with their hands buried in their trousers pockets and their coats wide open. The first thing they know, their watches are gone, and they are at a loss to know how it happened."

"If a few policemen in citizens' clothes were distributed around the menagerie there would be a number of pickpockets arrested instead of our warning suspected persons to leave the Park."

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